

Five Points. Finding that the police were in pursuit her Ann fled through a rear door and scaled

[illegible]

**WAKING TIME**—Some short time since Jacob Solo, No. 360 West Thirty-eighth street, lost a watch and although he made strenuous efforts to find it, he was unable to do so. He was informed by Nathan Gabriel that a man named Max Davidson gave him a watch and chain a few days ago. He was so sure of the truth that he called on the man he was supposed to have given the watch, but he was unable to find him. He was charged with stealing his watch. Max says he is fifty-six years of age, was born in Germany, and that he has been in this country for some time. He was committed to answer for the watch.

**STREET THIEF**—A young man who gave the name of Harry Thompson, was taken into custody last night at 222 Ninth avenue, who accused James of stealing a quantity of stolen household property valued at \$12.64. The complainant's sister informed her of the presence of the thief in the basement, and hurrying down stairs she saw him with the property. She called out to him and he fled. He was taken into custody and is now in question missing. The accused was subsequently released.

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**THE TOMBS.**

[illegible]

a second building is entered, which is composed of the  
stories, marked by hanging corridors, railed with the  
same strong, thick, black, a couple of tiers of wh

had already passed. The lower story is appropriated to the use of criminals under sentence, the second story being reserved for the reception of the vagrant and miscellaneous gleanings of larceny, assault and battery, and other doings of the more petty sort. As the wicket opened, Morris Lannigan saw a man in a white shirt and trousers, who, after a moment's hesitation, made by a couple of fences of wicker work around which the white wall on either side is marked with all intervals of black, and then disappeared. "There are no tenants for these cells, which are reserved for the use of the police," said the wicket-keeper, or constable, the second corridor opening into the gallows, which, as the wicket-keeper pointed out, almost in a night, and could be used at almost any unfortunate tenant, who has just been removed from the second to the first story, with impetuosity.

A week ago Morris Lannigan was about to take a few steps eastward from the second to the first story, when he sprang up suddenly, like a mushroom, in the presence of a crowd; would have stood with beams and crossbars of the gallows, and would have stood with the figure of Morris Lannigan swaying in the presence of sheriff and deputies for half an hour, and would have disappeared as suddenly as it came. Morris Lannigan

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**STATEN ISLAND INTELLIGENCE.**

**PROBABLE SUICIDE.**—Yesterday morning a woman named Albertine Form, from near Clifton, brought in a man's head to the police station. There was a bullet through the skull, just between the two eyes. The man was found in a marsh near Concord, the clothes soaked, which appeared to be of brown cloth, and a white flannel, with a revolver beside the skeleton was examined. The bones of the head were perfect, with the exception of one wanting in the upper jaw. The decomposed state of the remain the body has been there several weeks.